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A PERILOUS TRIP

FROM RICHMOND TO BALTIMORE

DURING THE WAR.

Crossing the Potomac Dead-Line—Job

Stuart and the Federal Cavalry

—A Dash of Adventure, Danger and Romance.

(Mrs. E. M. McGhee in Philadelphia Times.)

In August, 1862, I chanced to meet in Richmond a gentleman who told me of a successful trip he had made across the lines to Baltimore. My husband had some money there which we needed very much. It was a temptation not to be resisted. My husband was in the Confederate army and my two children were at school in South Carolina, so there was no one to raise objections and my own inclination urged me to go. I secured the question. I secured from the gentleman his route in minute detail.

At Hanover Junction I had so much trouble to get conveyance to Bowling Green that I was at the point of going back, ignominiously, when I saw a carriage drive up to the point where I was waiting. A few questions and answers put me in possession of the fact that Dr. B., who lived near Bowling Green, was expected on the train and this was his carriage sent to meet him. When he arrived I sent for him and begged permission to go with him. He politely consented. After a night of rest and comfort the good doctor carried me over to Bowling Green, got me a carriage and I departed with his blessing. The thoughtful kindness of Mrs. B. had supplied me with an ample lunch basket well stored with delicacies and substantial.

The next point, Fort Royal, on the Rappahannock, was reached in perfect comfort and safety. I met at the hotel there four ladies returning to Richmond from Baltimore. The first thing I did was to glance at a boatman willing to row me over the river, which was both difficult and hazardous, owing to the fact that Federal gunboats were almost constantly passing and were liable to come around a bend at any time. I was about concluding a bargain with a party when a regiment of Federal cavalry dashed into the town and as suddenly every one disappeared—among them my boatman. For a while we kept very still, but any curiosity overcoming caution I went out to look at the situation from our veranda.

The Federals had taken possession of an eminence in front of us and thus commanded the town. On a beautifully shaded grassy slope in full view, they were making themselves at home after the style of cavaliers under such circumstances. The horses were turned out to graze. Officers and men lounged about under the trees eating, drinking and smoking. Sometimes a loud laugh or snatch of a song reached our ears, showing the soldiers to be entirely at ease.

At this moment the sound of horses' hoofs attracted my attention in another direction. Supposing the new comers to be more Federals, I was about turning to re-enter the house with a heavy heart when a glance at the rapidly approaching party gave me pause. A bound and with a shrill of hope and fear I recognized the Confederate uniform. In another moment I saw that the foremost cavalier was an old friend of ours. I did not go into the house then. An exclamation showed that the recognition was mutual. I knew that he was a member of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart's staff, and when I last met him he was a minister of the gospel.

A few hasty words of greeting and explanation on both sides were exchanged, when Gen. Stuart riding up, the colonel, my friend, introduced me. He remarked at the same time that I wished to cross the lines, but was afraid to attempt it on account of those troops, pointing, as he said, to our shoulders at the Federals. Gen. Stuart laughed as he said: "Madam, you need have no fears. They are lagged. We have surrounded them." Raising my eyes to the hill opposite I saw the confirmation of his words. The transfer of arms and munitions of war was actually taking place at the moment.

I was not long in crossing the river, and before many hours had passed I reached Dr. Stewart's house. It was quite dark, although we had driven rapidly. The doctor met me at the door with a hearty welcome. He sent for Mrs. Stewart and both cheerfully promised all the assistance in their power. At the supper table I met Miss Stewart, a prepossessing young lady, very handsome and dashing. Mrs. Stewart unlocked a cabinet, and taking therefrom a pistol handed it to her daughter and another she placed in her own belt. She said to me: "Now Mr. M., my daughter and myself are ready to go with you. The doctor is not able to go out after night. We will do our best to defend and protect you." There was a dash of adventure and danger and of romance that quite thrilled me at this point. We had all talked at Richmond and elsewhere about our patriotism and all the rest, but I had never before been brought into direct contact with anything like this.

It was necessary to make the crossing at night. The carriage, driven by a faithful old servant of Mrs. Stewart, proceeded slowly through the woods. We were mostly silent or spoke in a low tone. My own reflections were full of anxiety and, perhaps, fear, as we went on and on through the dark forest, damp with dew and weird and solemn enough for a funeral pall for all the dead slain in the war. It was after midnight when we stopped. A signal was given and almost immediately a voice said: "All right, Mrs. Stewart." We waited perhaps ten minutes, when we were joined by a gentleman to whom Mrs. Stewart explained our wishes.

To my regret he said it was too late to make the attempt that night. But he would be glad to have me remain at his house until the next night, when he said he would put me across himself. The next night I crossed safely to the northern shore of the Potomac. We rowed into one of many creeks to the house of a southern gentleman, through whose kindness I was enabled to reach Port Tobacco, ten miles distant, the next day. There I took the stage for Washington City. The only passenger besides myself was a gentleman from the south, also running the blockade, from whom I received some valuable suggestions. Hanging on now I reached my friends in Baltimore next morning, worn out with fatigue and excitement.

BRUDDER BROWN'S "BLESSIN'."

(From "Christmas Night at the Quarters"—by Irwin Russell in Scribner's Monthly, Jan. 1878.)

The simple race is, That "works the craps" on cotton places! Original in act and thought, Because unlearned and untaught, Observe them at their Christmas party. How unrestrained their mirth—how hearty! How many things they say and do, That never would occur to you! See Brudder Brown—whose saving grace Would sanctify a quarter race— Out on the crowded floor advance, To "beg a blessin' on dis dance."

O Mah'r! let dis gath'rin' fin' a blessin' in yo' sight!

Don't judge us hard for what we does—ye see

An' all de balance ob de yeah, we does as right's we kin—

Ef dancin' wrong—oh, Mah'r! let de time excuse de sin!

We labors in de v'vays'd—workin' hard, an' workin' true—

Now, shurely you won't notus, ef we eats a grape or two,

An' takes a little holiday—a kettle restin' spell—

Bekase, nex' week, we'll start in fresh, an' labor twicet as well.

Remember, Mah'r—min'dis, now—de sinfulness ob sin

Is 'pendin' 'pon de sperrit what we goes an' does it in;

An' in a right's frame ob min' we's gwine to dance an' sing;

A feelin' like King David, when he cut de pigeon-wing.

It seems to me—indeed it do—I mebbe mout be wrong—

That people raly ought to dance, when Christmas come along;

De dance bekase dey's happy—like de birds 'hops in de trees;

De pine-top fiddle soundin' to de bowin' ob de breeze.

We has no ark to dance afore, like Isral's prophet king;

We has no harp to sound de chords, to help us out to sing;

But 'ordin' to de gif's we has we does de best we knows—

An' folks don't spile de v'v'et-fow'r bekase it ain't de rose.

You bless us, please sah, eben if we's doin' wrong to-night;

Kase den we'll need de blessin' more'n if we's doin' right;

An' let de blessin' stay wid us, untill we comes to die,

An' goes to keep our Christmas wid dem sheriffs in de sky!

Yes, tell dem prebels anjels we's a gwine to sing 'em soon;

Our voices we's a trainin' for to sing de glory tune;

We's ready when you wants us, an' it aint no matter when—

O Mah'r! call yo' chillen soon, an' take 'em home! Amen.

—(Chicago Herald.)

There is a live business woman in Belleville, Ill., who is said to have made "plenty of money" the past year by plying her vocation as a street contractress. She is accustomed to buy materials in large quantities and, never failing to meet her obligations promptly as they fall due, she has succeeded in establishing a credit in business circles that is really gilt-edged. She buys lumber in Chicago by the carload; sewer pipe at Anna, this state; while stone is brought direct from the quarries at Alton and other places; the balance of the raw materials, such as composition, lime, etc., are purchased in St. Louis, where she also gets her asphalt at a handsome percentage off from the St. Louis price-list.

The Simplicity of Entertaining.

(Kansas City Journal.)

It not only takes the purse of the wealthy beyond patience, but involves the household in such a whirlwind of labor that everyone dreads a lunch party. What we need is some one brave enough to pioneer. A series of evenings, calling together only those who will make a harmonious company, are beyond value, as mediums of real pleasure. Why do wife or man and women of letters care for course after course of extravagant preparation? Some of the rollest days that come vividly to us were those where the eatables were so simple that now they are merely a very delicate and subjective portion of a pleasant time. We should make what we eat a most insignificant part of our entertaining.

Grandmother's Cosmetic.

(The Argonaut.)

"The only cosmetic I have used," said an old lady the other day, "is a flannel wash cloth. For forty years I have bathed my face every night and morning with clear water as hot as I can bear it, using for the purpose a small square of flannel renewed as often as it grows thick and felt-like. My mother taught me to do this, as her mother had done before her. No soap nor powder, nor glycerine even, has touched my face, and this is what my skin is at 60, she finished, touching with pardonable pride a cheek whose peachy bloom and fine soft texture gave effective emphasis to her recipe.

Mrs. Bryant's Diary.

(Atlanta Constitution.)

A leaf from the diary of the mother of William Cullen Bryant reads as follows: "Made Austin a coat," "Spun four skeins of tow," "Spun thirty knots of linen," "Taught Cullen his letters," "Made a pair of breeches," "Wove four yards and went a-quitting," "Made a dress for the boy," "Sewed on a shirt," "Wove four yards, and visited Mrs. —," "Washed and ironed."

Fans of Birds' Plumage.

(Chicago Herald.)

Beautiful fans are made entirely of the plumage of tropical birds in their natural colors. A web of feather cloth is formed by gluing the plumage, each tiny feather separately, upon silk fabric. This gives the texture the precise appearance of a living bird. The tips are tipped with ostrich feathers.

Don't Allow It.

(Chicago Herald.)

An English physician warns mothers against allowing babies to suck their thumbs, because it results in a peculiar deformity of the chest, a depression of the thorax by pressure from the arm of the infant as it lies with its thumb in its mouth.

Notice to Smokers.

(Texas Sittings.)

The conductor of a Dallas street car was shocked at observing a passenger smoking a cigar. "Look here! If you want to smoke in this car, you must get off the car." The man paid no attention whatever. "I say, you must throw away your cigar if you are going to smoke in this car." The man, who was a reporter, put away the stump carefully in his pocket, but the conductor to this day cannot understand why the passenger laughed.

DANGERS OF THE DEEP.

MEANS TAKEN BY THE LIGHT-HOUSE BOARD TO WARN MARINERS.

Some Interesting Facts Concerning Danger Signals Used at Sea—Gongs, Bells, Whistles, Trumpets, Guns, and Rockets.

(New Orleans Times-Democrat.)

The government at its different stations uses various descriptions of sound signals for the guidance of mariners during fogs, storms and heavy weather. There is a treacherous intelligence arrogated by the sea that requires all the ingenuity and ability of man to guard and fight against. There is never a vessel that sails from a harbor or a steamer that goes out of a port, laden with freight and life, but is liable to encounter some tremendous gale or meet with mishap as about entering her designated haven of rest. To obviate the mysterious disappearances and the frightful calamities incident to the sea, scientific men have bent their energies and their knowledge gathered from all the sources of observation and personal experience. They have drawn upon the information of the world's explorers, have collected facts, given birth to theories, improved methods, invented instruments and informed the public and national governments of their discoveries. Every practical invention and skill of mechanics has been experimented with, tried, adopted, and put into use for the benefit of the maritime world.

The Times-Democrat reporter called the other day at the office of Commissioner Day, United States navy, in charge of this light-house district, and learned some interesting facts connected with the means and modes of warning mariners of impending dangers. Sound signals by means of gongs are somewhat used on lightships, especially in British waters, but are intended for use in close quarters, narrow harbors, and short channels. Their effective range is barely 550 yards. The use of guns is going out of date, though there are instances on record where they have been serviceable. They have been abandoned on account of the length of intervals between successive explosions, the brief duration of the sound, its liability to be quenched by sudden puffs of wind, and other objectionable reasons.

The gun-cotton rocket has been found quite serviceable in night light-houses. A charge of gun-cotton is enclosed in the head of a rocket, which is projected to the height of 1,000 feet, when the cotton is exploded and the sound shed in all directions. Some of these rockets have been heard at a distance of twenty-five miles.

Every United States light station has in use a bell signal. Many of these signals are run by clock-work machinery. The bells weigh all the way from 300 to 3,000 pounds. They are in use all along the coast of the United States. The distances at which the tolling of the bell can be heard vary according to circumstances and atmospheric conditions, are uncertain, and, like the gong, are reliable only at short distances.

The whistling buoys, consisting of an iron pear-shaped bulb, twelve feet across at its widest part and floating twelve feet out of water, and emitting a mournful sound that can be heard for fifteen miles, is now coming into extensive use in American, French, German and English waters. It is the invention of J. M. Courtenay, of New York. The machinery in the bulb is so arranged that the motion of the buoy rising and falling with the waves produces a sound that pierces the heaviest atmosphere, penetrates the thickest fog, traveling mile upon mile, continuous, distinct, warning shipmasters of their proximity to land and dangerous coasts.

The bell boat, a clumsy contrivance, has been superseded by the bell buoy. The bell is mounted on the bottom section of an iron buoy, which is decked over and fitted with a framework to which a 300-pound bell is rigidly attached. A radial grooved iron plate is made fast to the frame under the bell and close to it, on which is laid a free cannon ball. The restlessness of the sea sways the buoy, the ball rolls on the plate, striking some side of the bell at each motion with such force as to cause it to toll. This contrivance is best adapted to shoal water, harbors and rivers, where short-range sound is needed and smoother water obtained.

Locomotive whistles sounded by air or steam are also in use. The sharpness or shrillness of the whistle as used constitute the chief value, but it has been found to expend its force in the clearest atmosphere, its source, which is, therefore, regarded as wasted. The sound is also equally diffused on all sides, and this is considered as preventing it from penetrating to great distances.

The trumpet consists of a huge trumpet with a large throat and a flaring mouth. Inside there are a resonating cavity and a steel tongue. Air is condensed in a reservoir, driven through the trumpet by hot air or steam machinery, and is capable of making a shriek that can be heard at great distances, extending over the water as far as ten miles.

The trumpet, however, is subject to frequent stoppages during foggy weather, and requires many repairs, which render it uncertain and of more danger than aid to navigation. The siren consists of a huge trumpet with a wide mouth and narrow throat, and is sounded by driving compressed air or steam through a disk placed in the throat. In the disk are twelve radial slits; back of the disk is a revolving plate containing as many similar openings. The plate is rotated 2,400 times a minute, and each revolution causes the escape and interruption of twelve jets of air or steam through the openings in the disk and rotating plate. The siren is operated under a pressure of seventy-two pounds of steam and can be heard as far as from twenty to thirty miles.

The success of the United States in sound signals has been such that other countries have sent commissions here to study the system in vogue. It is the intention of the light-house department to make an extensive exhibit at the World's exhibition.

A Prospective Coup d'Etat.

(Chicago Tribune.)

Zorilla says King Alfonso's illness will, without doubt, soon terminate fatally, and then there will be trouble in Spain. For the heiress to the throne will be a child in the nursery, and the queen-mother, who by law will be regent during the minority, is a stranger, an Austrian, who has no place in the esteem and affection of the people. Some would then wish to restore the ex-Queen Isabella, and others to bring about an "infantine" marriage between Alfonso's baby daughter and the young son of Don Carlos. Either of these expedients would mean a coup d'etat.

Coupons on the Holiday Bond.

(Olive Logan in Cincinnati Enquirer.)

There is a novel system of trading among the poorer classes of London which lasts the whole year round, which has a special reference to Christmas goose or turkey, or the candied ingredients necessary for Christmas plum-pudding. A purchaser of the necessities of life commits his or her trade to such and such a merchant, and with the purchase of every week the whole year through, it if reach a certain figure, receives a sort of coupon, due on the bond of the Christmas luxuries just mentioned.

Sad domestic stories are told of loving mothers securing the tickets with a view to giving a luscious Christmas dinner to hungry offspring, and then of drinkings fathers coming in by stealth, purloining the precious bits of card-board and pledging them at the inevitable public house to be found on the corner of every other street in London. Ah, those fatal "pubs!" Whatever may be the state of trade elsewhere; whether the season be Christmas or May Day, January or June, it is always the public houses which driving the fastest, most roaring trade. The swinging doors are forever on the swing, the beer pumps and gin and whisky bottles constant in action.

A LESSON IN ASTRONOMY.—They were young and romantic, and altogether the minute hand was pointing to 12 o'clock they stood upon the porch gazing at the stars.

"That's Jupiter, dear, isn't it?" she murmured.

"Yes, pet, and that is Sirius," he replied, pointing to another star.

"Are you Sirius?" she cooed.

He kissed her several times. Then he pointed upward and said—

"That's Mars, dovey."

"And that's pa's," she whispered, as a footstep sounded inside, and if the young man hadn't scooted he would have seen more stars than he ever dreamed of. Her pa wears a 12½ with a brass toe.—The Hatchet.

The Washington Monument will not long enjoy its preeminence as the highest structure in the world. An iron tower of the astonishing height of 1,000 feet is to be erected in the grounds of the French Exhibition in 1889. An elevator, the safety of which is guaranteed, will communicate with the summit, and visitors to the exhibition will be taken to the top for a small fee. Those who have the courage to make the ascent will enjoy an almost uninterrupted view for nearly a hundred miles all round. The tower will also be utilized for astronomical and meteorological observation, for experiments in optic signalling for the investigation of certain problems in experimental physics, and for various other scientific purposes.

An ice-man and a milkman drove up to the door at the same time. "How many pounds of ice do you leave here every morn'g?" asked the milkman. "My contract calls for ten pounds, but I leave twenty for good measure. How many quarts of milk do you leave?" "I don't leave any. They think they are getting two quarts of milk every day, but it's all pure cream." Just then a large truck came bowling down the street. It ran over and instantly killed both ice-man and the milkman. Their last words were: "We'll see each other in heaven."—[Travlers' Magazine.]

There is a wool pulp factory at Augusta, Ga., at which the expedition with which paper could be manufactured was recently demonstrated. A tree was cut in the forest at 6 o'clock in the morning, was made into pulp and then into paper at 6 o'clock in the evening, and distributed among the people as a newspaper by 6 o'clock the next morning. From a tree in the forest to a printed newspaper, being read by thousands, in the brief round of twenty-four hours!

The profits to Moody and Sankey on the of sale their revival hymn books are said to have reached half a million dollars. No other publications in that field have approached these in popularity. The proceeds are divided equally between the evangelists. Moody has endowed a school with a part of his share, and it is now reported that Sankey is about to do something handsomely philanthropic.

Positive Cure for Piles.

To the people of this county we would say that we have been given the agency of Dr. Marchisi's Italian Pile Ointment—emphatically guaranteed to cure or money refunded—Internal, External, Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. Price 50 cents a box. No cure, no pay. Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Daughters, Wives and Mothers.

We emphatically guarantee Dr. Marchisi's Cathartic, a female remedy, to cure Female Diseases, such as Ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and displacement or bearing down feeling, Irregularities, Barrenness, Change of Life, Leucorrhoea, besides many weaknesses springing from the above, like Headache, Bloating, Spinal Weakness, Sleeplessness, Nervous debility, Palpitation of the Heart, &c. For sale by druggists. Prices \$1 and \$1.50 per bottle. Send to Dr. Marchisi, Utica, N. Y., for pamphlet, free. For sale by Penny & McAllister, Druggists.

Two Dangerous Seasons.

Spring and Fall are times when so many people get sick. The changes in the weather are severe on feeble persons, and even those who are strong are apt, as they say, "to be feeling miserable." Then they are just in condition to be struck down with some kind of fever. A bottle or two of Park's Tonic will invigorate the digestion, put the liver, kidneys and blood in perfect order and prevent more serious attacks. Why suffer and perhaps die when a simple medicine will save you? Good for both sexes and all ages.

FRESH DISTRIBUTION.

"What causes the great rush at McRoberts & Stagg's Drug Store?" The free distribution of sample bottles of Dr. Boon's Cough and Lung Syrup, the most popular remedy for Coughs, Colds, Consumption and Bronchitis now on the market. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

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Our Jewelry, Silverware and Optical Goods Department is in Charge of Col. Thos. Richards, who will Repair Watches and Clocks promptly and in the best style.

H.C. RUPLEY.

I have received and am still receiving New Goods for Fall and Winter, comprising the best in the market, which will be gotten up in style and make second to none in city or country. Give me a trial. H. C. Rupley

Presents for your Mother-in-law at Bourne's.

Presents for your Granmammy at Bourne's.

Presents for your Gal at Bourne's.

Presents for your Friend at Bourne's.

Presents for your Sister, Father, Mother—Everybody, at Bourne's.

Toilet Cases at Bourne's.

Nail Sets at Bourne's.

Odor Cases at Bourne's.

Fine Desks at Bourne's.

Writing Books at Bourne's.

Bourne is the Friend of the Gift-Maker—in fact

Bourne is a nice little man.

Bourne is a dandy.

Bourne sells the nicest goods

And feeds the kids on candy.—[Shakespeare.]

Then go immediately and see BOURNE at the New Drug Store, next door to Higgins, STANFORD, KY.

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FINE KID AND GOAT

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